My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnsuppoſed fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow [*Antiochus*]
Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhall bleed.

Dangh. Of all ſaid yet, thou proue proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.

Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aſke aduice of any other thought,
But faithfullneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a huſband in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Childe:
How they may be, and yet in two.
As you will liue, reſolue it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countles eyes to view mens acts,
Why cloud they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes mee pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections wait
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the Gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Anti, Prince *Pericles*, touch
For that's an article within our
As daugerous as the reſt your ti
Either expound now, or receiue
Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes the
T, would braid your ſelfe too
Who hath a booke of all that M
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſh
For vice repeated, is like the wa
Blowes duſt in others eies, to ſ
And yet the end of all is bought
The breath is gone, and the ſore
To ſtop the aire would hurt the
Copt hils toward heauen, to te
By mans oppreſſion, and the poo
Kings are earths Gods: in vice t
And if I*oue* ſtray, who dares ſay,
It is enough you know, and it is
What being more knowne, grow
All loue the wombe that their b
Then giue my tongue like leaue
Ant. Heauen that I had it; he
But I will gloze with him. Youn
Though by the tenour of your
Your expoſition miſ- interprein
We might proceed to counſel of
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fai
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs
Forty daies longer we do reſpite
If by which time our ſecret be vn
This mercy ſhewes wee'l ioy in
And vntill then, your entertaine
As doth befit our honour, and yo

Per. How conteſie would ſeem

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)